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TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1906.

John Sharp Williams Speaks Wisely.

John Sharp Williams has taken issue with Gov. Vandarm on the question of repealing the fifteenth amendment to the Federal Constitution, which repeal the governor has made one of the features of his campaign for the United States Senate. Mr. Williams, in an address at Jackson, declared repeal of the amendment impossible, and the agitation for it mere political claptrap. He did not think its repeal would afford any remedy for race troubles. It would not, he said, "change the nature of the evil-disposed blacks, nor would it prevent a single outbreak or murder." He believed in working out the race problem calmly and conservatively, making the best of the situation as it is, and without waging war on the negro as a negro. "Strike at the root of the evil," he is reported as saying, "which is the vile and vicious negro. Deal firmly with the bad and honestly with the good."

These words of truth and soberness shine by contrast with the frantic outbursts of Southern political leaders of the Vandarm class whenever the race problem is their topic. Fortunately, leaders of that type are not numerous, and that we are warranted in believing they misrepresent the true feeling of the South. It would appear from the reception given to Mr. Williams' deliverance on the race question, which, according to a newspaper account, was "cheered from the center to the farthest outskirts of the overflowing audience." The South would do much to mollify the asperities of the race question if it would repudiate politicians of the Vandarm temperament.

A Hamburg man has been discovered who sells coffee composed of 19 per cent ashes, 10 per cent sand, and the balance pure coffee. Why the man put so much good coffee in the mixture isn't known.

Canada and the Tariff.

Our friends the Canadians are about to enter upon a period of political and economic agitation and travail the fury and extent of which not the wisest statesman among them possesses sufficient prescience to forecast. In other words, our Canadian friends are preparing to thicken their tariff. Their Parliament has been summoned to meet on November 22. This is a new arrangement in the public affairs of the Dominion. The old system contemplated the assembling of the Dominion Parliament as soon as possible after the beginning of the year. But the tariff question in a new form has met the old order, and Canada's statesmen may be expected to go at one another hammer and tongs from the opening day to a late date in the spring, or perhaps the delightful Canadian summer will find them still struggling with their task. We know down here something about such things.

The Canadians, being novices at this business, have, of course, undertaken to settle it all in advance through the work of a commission. To an American, this offers a prospect too beautiful to contemplate. It is intoxicating to the reason, dazzling to the fancy, and absolutely paralyzing to the other faculties of the mind. We have tried it. Beginning its work in September, 1906, a Dominion government commission spent many months in investigations and hearings. It visited all parts of the Dominion and held its sessions in the principal cities. The claim is made, and doubtless with good reason, that its investigations were notable for their thoroughness, "and in many instances those who appeared before it with appeals or arguments for changes in rates were obliged to face questions which were decidedly embarrassing." Certainly. No doubt whatever about that. "The decision of the commission will appear in the government bill," it is naively announced from Ottawa.

The proposition, of course, is not to reduce rates, but to increase them. Your present-day tariffite the world over is obsessed of the idea that schedules, once established, should go up and never down. The Canadian farming communities want a low tariff, while the Dominion's developing manufacturing interests are urgent for more protection and higher rates. But mark this strange situation in Canada, as reported from Ottawa: "The general prosperity of the country under the present system has produced a 'stand-pat' group of important proportions, and a still larger group favoring an adjustment of particular schedules, rather than a drastic revision of the tariff system."

It's the same old story everywhere when the tariff is involved. One group or set of interests is entirely satisfied with existing conditions, while other groups demand change, either a lowering or a raising of rates. In the case of Canada, if the present rates are considerably increased, various heavy lines of manufacture in the United States will suffer. And that seems to be the aim of the Canadians. They have asked us for reciprocity and have received nothing substantial. Now they are going to force, if possible, American manufacturers who have established trade in the Dominion to set up plants on the Canadian side of the border, in which would be employed Canadian labor and where would be spent the wages of this labor. The voice of the reciprocity advocate is still heard in Massachusetts, in Minnesota, and in other odd spots, but, aside from defeating a Congressman or two, it does not seem to have much influence. Possibly, after all, the Canadian politicians are only trying to bluff some standpatters in the United States. If that's their game, it will be

developed soon after the Dominion Parliament meets. Then Washington will know better what to do about it.

Mr. Hughes should watch the course of events closely, now. The Vice Presidency will get him, if he doesn't watch out.

Secretary Root's Trip.

Secretary Root is about to depart on a Western trip for the purpose of addressing several commercial organizations. His topic will be South America, and we may expect some interesting and valuable observations gathered in the course of the Secretary's recent visit to the southern continent. That our state of knowledge respecting the South American republics requires considerable illumination goes without saying. Though our near neighbors, we enjoy but a meager acquaintance with their modes of life, their methods of self-government, and their progress in arts and industry. They are best known to us through their frequent revolutions, but these have for many years been of so trifling a nature as scarcely to merit the cost of cable tolls to tell of them; and over immense territories peace has reigned without interruption long enough to permit the development of highly civilized communities and the rapid growth of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce. No considerable military or naval forces are maintained by any South American state, for they are on fairly good terms with each other, and the Monroe doctrine protects them all from external aggression.

Promotion of friendly relations with these growing republics and encouragement of trade with them have been cardinal features of governmental policy since the time of Blaine. But the lines of over-sea commerce tend to run east and west, as the demand for our surplus products comes from Europe chiefly, and we naturally buy largely in the market where we sell. Our tariff has stood in the way of a free market for some important South American exports, though the severity of our imports has in some instances been mitigated by reciprocity treaties, and the lack of transportation facilities has further contributed to retard Pan-American trade. The Panama canal, in the nature of things, will not contribute greatly to the development of this trade, for the bulk of our north and south commerce must always be with the countries to the east of the Andes, those to the west having smaller areas and fewer natural resources.

We have no doubt Secretary Root will be able to make very pertinent suggestions as to methods of increasing Pan-American trade, and we have no doubt, either, that he will be able to show that our adherence to the Monroe doctrine has been fully justified by the upbuilding on the southern hemisphere of independent, enduring, and progressive commonwealths.

"The little thatched cottage" where John Howard Payne wrote "Home, Sweet Home," is to be destroyed. One by one the little thatched cottages where Payne wrote that immortal song are following the birth-places of John Paul Jones into oblivion.

Maxim Gorky's Observations.

Maxim Gorky has had his say about the United States. He does not like our country. The regard is mutual. We can testify to his presence.

It may be true, as he asserts, that New York is a stomach of stone and iron, that engorges, assimilates, and digests millions of men and greedily awaits an endless influx of others. It may also be true that our people are impotent and enslaved, diminutive and corroded by the acid of capital. It is equally true, however, that we declined to accept Mr. Gorky as soon as it was learned that he was openly disregarding those laws of morality and common decency which are still respected here. We are not all saints, nor is virtue enthroned in every heart; but upon the whole, we live according to the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount. We do not openly condone, at least, the transgressions of the moral law.

If the world should live along the lines which Mr. Gorky indorses we would have a sorry state of society. Inasmuch as we do not, he takes occasion to exhort us. His rage is harmless. We will manage to worry along under the ban of his displeasure, adding to our wealth despite his denunciation of riches, and, above all, maintaining our esteem for martial relations faithfully observed. American families, taken all in all, are splendid examples of conjugal devotion and parental and filial love. As long as this is the case, the country will rest upon a sure foundation. It can afford to smile at the rabid utterances of a man whose very banishment from the United States was an evidence of the decency and sanity of our people.

Mr. Brisbane says that Mr. Hearst will be president "if he lives long enough." There is a diplomatic prophecy for you, Pennsylvania may yet reform!

Fortune's Fantastic Turn of the Wheel.

Mr. Winston Churchill has not only played a joke on fortune, but has become the central figure in a drama in real life more novel than any creation of his own brain. A writer of fiction himself, he finds, through one of those strange freaks of fate, that he is in a real position undreamed of in his wildest flights of imaginative fancy.

There is a curious provision in the constitution of New Hampshire, which says that no man shall be declared elected governor who fails to receive a majority vote of all cast. The count of the vote cast shows Mr. Elected successful rival to be just ten votes short of the required majority. Under the law, the election of the governor now devolves upon the legislature. Right upon the heels of the legislatively narrow margin by which Mr. Floyd, the opposition candidate, failed of a popular majority comes the information that there are so many Republicans in the legislature who favor Churchill that the Floyd men will be compelled to elect Churchill to the Senate in order to lead Floyd in the governor's chair.

Was ever fictitious story more fanciful than that? Did ever Mr. Churchill imagine a plot more full of human interest and more interesting in detail? A seat in the Senate of the United States is generally the goal toward which a man aims when he seeks high office in a State. It may not have been so in Mr. Churchill's case, but if he wins the governorship, it will be considered a greater prize than the governorship. That he will be awarded the Senatorship now seems pretty well settled. It is sure that he stands upon the threshold of a career undreamed of, up to a very few days ago.

Popular sympathy is bound to be with the brilliant young author. There is something we do not know what—in the breast of the average man that forces him to wish for the best for a man who finds himself in Mr. Churchill's unique

position. People like to see fortune do freakish and fantastic things. The unexpected is always welcome. It constitutes that variety which is the spice of life.

Colorado simply refused to stand Patterson.

The Board of Trade.

The Washington Board of Trade, when its history comes to be fairly summed up, will unquestionably be found to have accomplished great good for the Capital City. In the present awakening there has arisen, in connection with the Greater Washington movement, a call for a more vigorous line of action. Perhaps this is well. Certainly the interest aroused on the subject is wholesome and healthful. But the achievements of the board on conservative lines between not and cannot be lost sight of. It has been a staid, steady-going body, it is true, but even the most casual research into its history will reveal many things accomplished of real and lasting value. Tireless and effective work has been performed by the board and its committees. Genuine public service has been rendered by Washington's best business men giving their time freely to the solution of important local problems.

If the board had accomplished nothing more than securing the new code for the District of Columbia in its possibilities, it would be worth all the years of honest effort; but there is much more of material achievement that will always stand to the board's credit.

The fine outpouring of representative citizens at the annual meeting was most gratifying in all its aspects. The bit of rivalry injected into the election was the thing needed for the occasion. It ought to have been welcomed by the so-called conservatives, and doubtless it was. Whatever the future policies, the present animation is promising in its possibilities. The Washington Herald extends its congratulations to President Wilson and the board upon the record for the year closing, and bespeaks for the organization just recognition of its services as a whole by the entire community.

The average New Yorker probably hopes that the fight between Murphy and Mr. Carren will result in nothing being left of either more than the proverbial greasy spot.

Count Boni de Castellane says he wants the custody of his children in order that he "may look after their spiritual welfare." Boni may as well forget it; the ghost walks no more for him.

Mr. Bourke Cockran says Mr. Stuyvesant Fish has his "moral support." Mr. Fish shouldn't let that worry him, however, as Mr. Cockran is apt to change his mind shortly.

It is a good thing for Uncle Sam's peace of mind that every Cuban insurgent who imagines himself a revolutionist really isn't anything of the kind.

New Mexico seemed willing enough for the wedding, but the sight of the preacher scared Arizona away.

The peanut crop is worth \$10,000,000. That is just about \$3,500,000 more than the peanut politician is worth.

Kansas farmers are complaining that the present crop of corn is almost entirely made up of ears too long for the shelter, Kansas will just have to take to raising simplified corn.

The more Mr. Roger Sullivan notes the relish with which Mr. Bryan swallowed Mr. Croker and Mr. McCarren, the madder he gets!

A Bryan boom has been started in Maine. It is generally a pretty close contest between Maine and Nebraska to see which can cast the more Republican votes about election time, too.

Of course, if Mr. Harrison says anything else in the way of a railroad that he wants, he has our permission to take it—especially as he will probably take it anyway, if he wants it.

We note that A. Waffle has opened a feed store at Lawrence, Kans. He ought to do a rushing business these crisp fall mornings.

Mr. Bryan regards the result in New York as "very promising to the Democracy." Really, Mr. Bryan deserves to be known to fame as the Democratic cloud's silver lining.

That murderer who was recently sentenced to hang three times isn't probably concerned extensively about the last two sentences.

"Mr. Hearst promptly shut off those early discordant notes," observes a contemporary. Sent them to protest, so to speak.

"There is nothing left to fight about," says the Marion (Ind.) Chronicle. Might get accommodated across the line to the South.

Galveston plumbers want more money, which is going to put a lot of coal dealers out of business entirely, if they get it.

Mr. Hearst will take a trip to California soon, that need not be taken as a sure sign of returning prosperity by the lemon growers out there.

An Indian named Tom Bigfoot stole the Nevada election returns and ran away with them. Evidently one of Tammany's good Indians strayed away from the Wigwag.

"The Dupont powder magazine exploded the other day," says a press dispatch. Another one of those ten centers gone to the bad, we suppose.

The wrecker of a Montreal bank has been indicted for "ordinary larceny." It is getting to be quite common.

A train robber out in New Mexico the other day forced the Pullman porter to help him hold up the passengers. He certainly didn't intend to overlook anything.

We are glad to hear the Standard Oil has raised the wages of its employees, though we do hope it will not be necessary for the humble consumer to turn the lamp a little lower every night in order to break even on the joyful news.

Missouri has done the prodigious act all right, but the Democracy is shy on the fattest calf.

An additional piece of graft to the extent of something like \$800,000 has just come to light in Philadelphia. However, a small item like that would not have affected the election more than a couple of votes or so.

Cuba wants "a thorough" understanding with the United States, says a press dispatch. The night as well understood right now that a "thorough" understanding is impossible. Now, if it is a "thorough" understanding Cuba is looking for, the President is ready to talk business.

Importance of Character.

Personal character is of more importance than political professions, and because Mr. Hearst did not understand this he is not governor of New York State.

Democracy's Opportunity.

The Republican party must meet the changed situation or be prepared for a further expansion of the present Democratic revival.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Truthfulness.
"I save my allowance," boasted the young bride, "and loan it out."
"To whom, pray?"
"To hubby, of course."

Might Learn.
"Where have you been?"
"Been attending a lecturer on pronunciation."
"Good. You ought to attend as many lectures on that subject as you can."

Philosophy.
"I might be better off."
"But I'll not curse."
"Nor at fate rail and scoff—
I might be worse."

Looking Ahead.
"I'm going to have a big wedding," declared the society bud.
"Not too big, dear."
"Why not?"
"And dwarf your divorce!"

Dodging.
"Do you think that Boni de Castellane would have much trouble in getting another American wife?"
"I don't know, Jinks. If you want to ask me something that I can answer, ask me what I'll have to drink."

Inconsiderate Brute.
"I don't know why Ennepek can't get along better with his wife. He's always ready to take all the blame."
"But don't you see? That deprives her of the pleasure of loading it onto him!"

THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER.

(Any gentleman submitting satisfactory proof of his ability to recite these verses on his front porch at 2 o'clock will receive a handsome medal.)

FOUR-FLOORED FLOOR-STORE.

We four tried four of the floor-store's doors.
For we sought for floors on the floor-store's floors.
And we swung door four of the floor-store's doors.

And we looked at floors on the floor-store's floors.
There were floors for stores, there were common floors.

There were floors by fours and by tens and by scores.
On the floor-store's floors of the floor-store.

From the fourth-floor door of the floor-store's floor-store.
We went four by floor till we counted four.

There were four floor-floors in the big floor-store.
Great stores of floors the four floors bore.
For the floors were stored in a vast floor-board.

There were floors of ore, there were floors of board.
On the floor-store's floors of the floor-store.

The Elk-tooth King.

The fame of the Hon. W. A. Clark as Montana's copper king threatens to be eclipsed by the benighted glory of Montana's elk-tooth king, the Hon. John D. Loeckamp, of Billings. "Elk-tooth John," they call him in their free and breezy Montana way. He has for twenty-five years been buying the tusks of bull and cow elk, until a short while ago he was the possessor of 80,000 elk's teeth.

He started in by buying dresses from the Indian women, these garments being lavishly decorated with elk teeth. Every hunter with elk teeth in his possession was always sure of a customer in Loeckamp. But he cannot buy them any more and make a profit, for every Crow Indian now knows the commercial value of the article. Besides, the elk are getting scarce. Loeckamp is disposing of his collection to a firm in New York at the rate of four or five hundred a month, and has already received in that respect about \$4,000. The firm makes them into watch fobs for members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

On the floor-store's floors of the four-floor-store.
O'er and o'er we pored for four floors and more.

For we sought four floors in the four-floor-store.
In the floor-store's floors, as we said before;
In the four floors there were floors galore.

And for more floors there were floors the more.
In the floor-store's floors of the floor-store.

But we found no floors in the floor-store's floors.
And we trod the floors to the floor-store's doors.
Where the floor-store floor-men did their chores.

When the floors held floors by the scores and scores.
And we left the doors of the four-floor-store.

Of the four-floor, floor-store, four-floor-store.
We four swore no more would we pore o'er a floor.
On the floor-store's floors of the floor-store.

THE INVISIBLE BLUSHES.
"Now, children," said the teacher, after reading Gray's Elegy in an impressive manner, "the poet spoke figuratively in many of his lines. That is, when he spoke of things, he often meant people. For instance, when he said 'Full many a rose is born to blush unseen' he had men and women in his mind. Can any little boy or girl tell me the sort of men and women he may have meant?"

The class wriggled uneasily until little Elphalett Snowball shot his hand in the air and said:

"I know, teachuh."
"You may tell us, Elphalett."
"Cullud men an' women."

WILBUR NESBIT.
(Copyright, 1906, by W. D. Nesbit.)

No Other Course.

From the Chicago Tribune.
The daring explorer had reached the north pole.

"Well, which way now?" asked his assistant.

The explorer looked irresolutely around the horizon.

"Dashed if I know!" he muttered.
"Can't you see cleared?"
"Can't you see?" he said. "We've found all the north there is. We'll have to go south!"

Merely stopping long enough to eat another dog, the party started in the general direction of the south pole.

He Knew What He Was Doing.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.
The magistrate and you bought a ticket in this lottery scheme?

The witness—Yes, your honor.
The magistrate—You knew that lotteries are forbidden by law?

The witness—"Yes, your honor."
The magistrate—Then you knew what you were doing when you bought that lottery ticket?

The witness—Yes, your honor, I knew I was taking a chance.

An Easy Explanation.
From the Louisville Courier-Journal.
However, the explanation is not difficult. By his continued attacks upon the predatory rick Mr. Hearst shifted the New York water vote to Mr. Hughes.

Value of Cremation.
From the London Tribune.
"Cremation is good," wrote the little girl in the examination, "because the person might only be in a swoon, and if he is burned he cannot recover."

A Settled Habit.
From the Philadelphia Press.
Col. Bryan sees Democratic victory next time. No kind of election returns can break a simon pure Democrat of that habit.

Recks.
The "hard that rocks the cradle" is the theme the poet sings.
Why not the hand that makes the "rocks" for baby-food and things?

—Catholic Standard.

PEOPLE OF NOTE.

Mr. Knox's First Denial.

Ever since he emerged suddenly from the privacy of his law offices in Pittsburgh into public life at the call of President McKinley, the charge persistently has been made that the Hon. Philander C. Knox was, or had been, the attorney of the giant steel trust. Mr. Knox has postponed to this good day—and that after the elections are all over—a public denial of the charge. In an interesting article contributed to a New York Sunday paper, the distinguished Pennsylvania lawyer goes even further, and asserts that he was never a trust lawyer of any sort. This is what he says:

"Notwithstanding the reiterated assertion that I have been a trust lawyer, I have been throughout my career at the bar the lawyer of persons rather than of impersonal, intangible, and unified interests. I could invariably work better for a man than a corporation. I had no part whatever in the creation of the United States Steel Corporation, as has been alleged. When I took the office of Attorney General of the United States, I severed all connections with my law partners in Pittsburgh, and wholly abandoned my law practice."

During the progress of the heated debate of the railroad bill last spring, Senator Tillman charged Senator Knox with having been the attorney at one time of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Mr. Knox was out of the Senate chamber at the time, and it was expected that when he returned and learned of the Tillman charge there would be a lively scene. The Pennsylvania merely stated that he had never been attorney for the Pennsylvania Railroad, nor employed in any other capacity by that corporation, and sat down, leaving the fiery South Carolinian crest-fallen.

Each a Spelling Reformer.

There promises to be several clashes over spelling reform in Congress this winter. The executive and legislative departments are expected to lock horns over the orthography of certain words of the untold millions that will find their way into the Congressional Record before the session closes. Then the Hon. John J. Each, of Wisconsin, will bring to the attention of the national spelling reformatory of English, devised "already" by one of his Teutonic constituents, Philip B. Lehmann. The Esch-Lehmann scheme contemplates the addition of seven letters to the alphabet, the theory being that the evils which President Roosevelt and Andrew Carnegie are attempting to correct with the use of only twenty-six letters can be more easily eliminated from the speech by the use of forty-three characters. Mr. Each will submit his proposition to the executive for approval, failing to secure which he may present it to the legislative department at the short session.

At His Own Figure.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.
An over-smart Bostonian moved to the country not long ago, and purchased a farm. He was just getting settled when a man with a book under his arm leaned over the fence and said:

"Just bought this land?"
"Yes, very fine farm."
"Yes, sir; very fine."
"Must be worth around a thousand dollars?"

"More than that; I paid \$5,000 for it. Then there are indications of coal on it, too, which are alone worth another thousand."

"You don't mean it?"
"Yes, sir. And then the new branch railroad is going across one corner. I consider my farm worth \$5,000."

"Five thousand, eh?"
"Yes, sir; I would not take less. What are you paying down in that respect?"
"Oh, nothing much. You see I'm the tax assessor. Hope you'll stay some time. Good morning."

High Finance in Insurance.

From the New York American.
The policy holders of the Mutual Life Insurance Company will rub their eyes when they read of the part taken by President Peabody in ousting Stuyvesant Fish from the Illinois Central. The so-called story, too long to be detailed here, forms a chapter of disgrace in American financial history, and for the head of a great insurance company to be mixed up in it amounts to a public scandal. The incident would teach all simple souls who have believed that trustees and fiduciary officers are governed nowadays by any rules of fidelity to their duty that modern high finance has discarded all that as old-fashioned, and aims now only at personal advantage to be gained from office.

It Is the Unexpected That Happens.

From the Railway World.
Accidents have occurred with such frequency on the railroads owned by the German government that the experiment will be conducted with every conceivable cause. When the experiments are concluded an accident will probably occur from a cause which was never before considered. It is always the unexpected that happens in railroading, and that is what makes it so difficult to apply a ounce of prevention instead of the pound of cure which serves to ward off a repetition of the trouble.

A Check on Paternalism.

From the Railway World.
Henceforth nobody connected with the Chicago and Alton Railroad will be allowed to employ or have work under him any relative, near or remote. President Felton is determined to end whatever there is left of nepotism on that road.

The instructions from the executive head of the line have no string to them, and state that in case of a department, chief clerk, or others in any employing capacity will be allowed to have working under them in their department anybody related to them.

McCarren Won a Cigar.

From the New York Sun.
This is how Senator McCarren, the Brooklyn leader, disposed of the story published on Thursday last that he had won \$75,000 in bets on the election:

"The only bet I made was a twenty-five cent cigar on the result in Kings County." "Who bought the cigar?" the Senator was asked.

"The other fellow," was the reply.

Force of Habit.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.
A man was recently going over a luncheon and the attendant showed him a ward with empty beds in it.

"What have you shown this room for?"
"There's no one in it."
"There's no one in it; there's where we put the chauffeurs, and they are all under the beds trying to mend them."

IN A LUTHER BURBANK GARDEN.

Write me the endless apple buds,
As your hand in apple I clasp.
And we wander through the endless spuds
And the raspberries, asus resp.

You plucked a blackberry, dazzling white,
As we eluded a tantalizing tune,
I took a basket of scandalous life
Of a pious, soulless prude.

The cactus plant in your cactus nose,
The cactus in your cactus nose,
And when you talk upon your nose
The light of a smile down.

In this dear place I would live for aye,
Dis